

REUTER'S SHAH.

"Free Lance" Calls Away All Boarders.

THE SHAH IN FASHION.

Reuterizing Persia and Persializing Western Capitalists.

A PEN STEEPED IN IRONY.

"Talk Not of the Rarity of Christian Charity."

The Visit of the Persian Prince to England.

The Depth and Sincerity of English Republicanism.

Has the Shah "Impressed" or Has He Been "Impressed?"

THE LAST HERALD TOURNAMENT.

THE DEAD AND WOUNDED.

LONDON, July 5, 1873. *Quand le chat (Shah) est parti les souris (les Anglais) dansent.* He has gone, and, metaphorically, I am dancing. I saw "the illustrious guest from the East" on this morning. It required thirteen state carriages, no end of Life and Horse Guards, one trumpeter, arrayed in gold cloth, mounted officers in red, frantically rushing up and down the cleared passage between Buckingham Palace and Victoria Station, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, Prince Arthur and numberless ordinary people to get "the stranger within our gates" safely stowed on board an express train for Portsmouth, to accommodate which every other train was kept back for several hours, to the delight of free born Britons. I saw the "King of Kings" off by accident. Like glory, he was thrust upon me, and it did me good to behold crowds of people lining the way, shouting, cheering, waving handkerchiefs and hats, as a small, ungainly-looking, colored man, in an open landau, passed rapidly by. "What are you cheering for?" I asked a red-faced man in a thread-bare coat.

"Why, because it's the Shah."

"And who's the Shah?"

"Blessed if I know; but he's got a lot of diamonds."

How flattered the Shah ought to be! The red-faced man represented

NINE-TENTHS OF THE PUBLIC, and the Observer confesses, in a lengthy leader, that "the Shah of Persia was cheered by a large number of people who have not the faintest conception where his kingdom is, and by an immensely larger number who have very indistinct notions of the relation of Persia to our Indian possessions."

• • • We fear that if the persons who received the Shah had been strictly limited to those who had clear ideas on the above subjects his welcome would have been as tame as it was enthusiastic. The Observer never told more truth in fewer words. What think you, then, of the sublime hypocrisy exhalant from all the illuminated bound-in-velvet, mounted-in-gold addresses that have been flung at the Shah's head by the portly mayors of every town he visited and several towns he didn't?

"We approach Your Majesty," said the Manchesterians, "with profound respect, to express the deep feelings which we, in common with all classes of our fellow countrymen, experience at the presence of Your Majesty in this country." &c. And the rest were like unto Manchester. His Majesty has so often been assured of his "enlightened and liberal policy," consisting, so far as I can learn, in having endowed Persia with a national debt, and himself with all the treasures of a starving people, that he ought to go home thoroughly convinced of his own superiority over all the rest of creation.

I am very glad the Shah has gone, because he was becoming a FRIGHTFUL BORE. He would not have gone for another fortnight could he have had his own despotic way, for English eyes and English applause pleased his Oriental eyes and ears. But his visit and welcome were worn out, likewise the furniture and carpets of the rooms occupied by him and his suite at Buckingham Palace. Such a renovation and purification as the palace must undergo before being habitable! It speaks well for the manners and customs of the King of Kings. Of course truth of this sort never gets into the papers, because the fiction of royal dignity must be preserved; but think what capital would be made out of it all were the dirt republican instead of imperial! I have never felt so kindly towards Congressional expectation as I have since the advent of Persia's monarch. Tobacco chewing is compatible with sponges, water and clean linen. Not so the aromatic atmosphere surrounding the successor of Xerxes, who sent a million of men to conquer Greece; of Cyrus, armed by whose decree Nebuchadnezzar went forth to rebuild the Temple at Jerusalem; of Ahasuerus, who married Esther, the Jewish maiden. If Ruskin be right in assuming dirt to be an element of the picturesque, the Shah is the most picturesque of objects. I will not compare him with other objects, because in this case comparisons would be odorous. "If I am not the rose, at least I have lived near it." A rose by any other name (Shah, for example) would smell as sweet.

I am glad the King of Kings has gone before disseminating cholera or plague; but I am equally glad that he came, and for this reason: The last sensation London had was in February, 1872, on the occasion of the state visit to St. Paul's Cathedral to return thanks to Almighty God for the recovery of the Prince of Wales. The town turned itself inside out. The route of the procession was alive with humanity, and royalists, exultingly exclaimed, "Behold a political demonstration! See how the Prince is loved! Note how ingrained is loyalty to the royal family! Mark

THE DEATH OF REPUBLICANISM! Who dare say hereafter that we are not a united people?" Well, the same multitude that congregated to see the religious show welcomed with similar enthusiasm the Persian Prince. One prince is as dear to the people's eyes as the other. How enlightened was the Shah's reception the Observer has explained. Considering that republican clubs have greatly increased and the agricultural strike has been born since the Prince of Wales' miraculous recovery, may we not conclude that equal intelligence pervaded the greeting given to England's future King? The red-faced man did not know why he should cheer for the Shah. The red-faced man did not know why he shouted for the Prince of Wales. It is dreadful, but nevertheless true, howing is catching. It is the most fatal of all epidemics. The howler is merely the victim of an insidious disease. In the mad days of the princely typhoid there were those who dared to assert that London was curious and would swarm to see any spectacle. Those iconoclasts can now turn to the Observer for support. "If," argues this most respectable Sunday organ—"if the English people like shows, and if shows are a part of the English constitution, we should be unwise to neglect the lesson which may be learned

from these assembled crowds." • • • One of the consequences of adopting the monarchical form is that government rests to a great extent on the sentiments and the emotions of a large number of people, and one of the conditions implied in the adoption of monarchy is that these sentiments and emotions must to some extent be kept alive by artificial means." Did monarchs ever make a more naive confession of weakness? The British constitution depends partly upon shows. To keep monarchal alive artificial means must be employed. The English people like shows. When the Prince of Wales gets up from an extremely well advertised bed of illness let there be a religious show, and when the Shah of Persia visits England to advertise Baron Reuter's concession let there be a revival of the "Arabian Nights." Is it not as plain as the algarie on the Shah's head-gear? Is it not logic in one easy lesson? But let us see what the Observer deduces from these facts. Because everybody loves shows; because poverty is "sadly increasing;" because "every year the struggle for bread widens in area and deepens in intensity," there should be Shahs and diamonds in order to lessen the burdens of the poor! In other words, whenever England is threatened with starvation, instead of distributing land more equally, instead of keeping tillers of the soil at home by raising their wages, instead of cutting down the Civil List and the salaries of royal butterflies, the people shall be taxed for balls, receptions and spectacles gotten up in honor of some potentate that they are allowed to gaze at as he passes through the streets. Now, what does the people's organ say to this panacea? "The city of London has given a ball, for which the rattlepates will have to pay. The Shah has been taken down to Woolwich and some powder has been wasted, for which the Exchequer will have to pay. There has been a naval review at Spithead, for which the Admiralty will pay. • • • If the Shah had contrived to learn how the expense of his entertainment in the city was provided for, and his visits to the opera, the fleet and the Arsenal, the Shah would have been able to carry a secret of government home with him."

THE UPPER CLASSES OF PERSIA would have been much obliged to him as our aristocracy are to William III. Our reception of the Shah, in a financial sense, is a miniature of the system of British government. The swells enjoy themselves and the people pay the bill. There are two ways of looking at every subject, and the Keighley Republican Club has gone so far as to pass the following resolution—"That the Keighley Republican Club, believing the Shah of Persia to be the most despotic ruler in existence, and the representative of all that degrades humanity, considers the reception tendered to him by the English government to be devoid of all sensibility, and hereby expresses its disapproval of the same, and also its condemnation of such heathenish exhibitions in a republican club in Great Britain that sympathize with this resolution, as there are 80,000 members of the Agricultural Union who are equally averse to Shahing, a looker-on can calculate the impetus given by an Eastern despot to the radical movement in England. Add to it the fact that the last quarter's revenue adds a quarter of a million below the estimates and this looker-on can picture the lively scene that will ensue when the government ask Parliament to pay the Shah's bills. At least there will be a lively scene if those members who oppose

SHAHING have the courage of their opinions when the tug of war comes, which, in all probability, will not be until next year. Grosse shooting is near, and Parliament will soon be far and near, pointing their guns at other game than Shahs.

"Was ever money spent with such reckless and careless prodigality, from the high government to the most insignificant citizen?" exclaims one writer. "If the Shah could have eaten gold we have little doubt that some lordly host, with the assistance of a chef, would have fricasseed sovereigns for His Majesty's sustenance." Think of its coming to this! and yet there is an east end to London.

Ah, and the fine writing which the King of Kings has inspired! There have been "leaders" tender enough to draw tears from even a manly eye. I have believed myself transported to the Flowery Land. At the Persian advance on English telegrams became "swift heralds of electricity," the telegraph "that wonderful wire courier." When it was bruited that the democratic tide would not get up late to oblige a monarch, we read with bated breath that "the expectant city heard the Persian monarch had heroically risen, as was necessary, to catch the tide at Ostend, before five o'clock." And then, like Mr. Wegg, the noble writer, dropped into poetry at great expense to his organ. Even a king of kings cannot govern the capricious waves. Xerxes once tried to fetter the Hellespont with golden chains, and had the rebellious ocean whipped with rods, but it flung its spray in his face just as impudently as before. Was it a drop of sea in the Channel—people wondered—did it sleep Penelope upon the waters play? To suggest that the Shah had a stomach, and might be seasick, would have been as horrible as to accuse a Queen of Spain of possessing legs; but our minds were at last relieved by the glad news that "the royal dignity of the Kajars did not suffer seriously from the 'rude sea.'" No draughtsman in Punch will ever tell the exact truth concerning this eventful passage in the visit of an illegitimate representative of the ancient Iran Kings. His coming from "the mother-land of mankind" marks what? "The closing of a cycle, called henceforth

THE UNROLLING OF THE EARTH." What the earth is to be called with hereafter the fowest writer fails to disclose; but, never mind, the millennium is as sure to spring out of it as, according to prediction, it sprang out of the princely typhoid. And then, and then, "Tehoran will chat about London and Manchester, Trentham and Sydneyham over many a narghileh, and Molahs and Mirzas, who did not see those rights of Frankish marvel, will wag the beard of incredulity and sit upon the carpet of enviousness." The only difficulty about wagging the beard of incredulity is that in Persia there are no beards; but sitting on carpets is certainly an Oriental accomplishment, and to sit upon the "carpet of enviousness" may not be as impossible a performance as it appears to the uninitiated. Now that Persia is the fashion, I dare say these novel carpets will be the most picturesque of objects. I will not compare him with other objects, because in this case comparisons would be odorous. "If I am not the rose, at least I have lived near it." A rose by any other name (Shah, for example) would smell as sweet.

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Who else in the world does? It certainly looks as though in keeping the Shah he kept an elephant, but before the weight of this ponderous animal is felt Reuter and his backers will have realized their fond dreams. The wealth of the nation depends greatly upon the population, as two words of Persia is desert and the remaining third contains but 4,000,000 souls, how capitalists are to obtain a tolerable interest for their money becomes a mystery. Still, far be it from me to dissuade Americans from investing in the Persian loan if they feel so inclined. Railroads will be excellent for the country when, in the course of ages, it becomes populous and wealthy, but at present the Persians are a people clothed in rags, wallowing in filth and devoured by vermin, the worst of the latter being his Ineffable Majesty "Nasr-el-Alum," who eats up so much money that hundreds and thousands of his subjects annually

PERISH OF HUNGER. It really speaks well for human nature to think of the recent Persian famine, when all Christianity was appealed to, while the King of Kings sat arrayed in diamonds, the sale of one of which would have saved the lives of hundreds. This is the "Eastern King" whose name is in every one's mouth and whose praises are sung in the columns of every daily paper. Talk not of the rarity of Christian charity when potentates are in question. What could be finer than the spectacle of the Archbishops of Canterbury and York bowing in homage before the Shah at Guildhall, when it is one of his laws to put to death any Mussulman who becomes a Christian? Lungs lying down with lions are nothing to it. I would have liked the Shah to have been appealed to, while the King of Kings sat arrayed in diamonds, the sale of one of which would have saved the lives of hundreds. 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